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Chimes of Freedom
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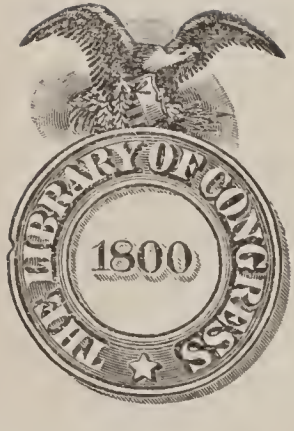

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CHIMES OF FREEDOM AND UNION.

A COLLECTION OF

POEMS FOR THE TIMES,

BY

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

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"Liberty and Union — one and inseparable."
DANIEL WEBSTER.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY BENJAMIN B. RUSSELL,
515 WASHINGTON STREET.
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1861.

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CHIMES.

Under the Washington Elm, Cambridge, April 27, 1861.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Eighty years have passed, and more,
Since under the brave old tree
Our fathers gathered in arms and swore
They would follow the sign their banners bore,
And fight till the land was free.

Half of their work was done,
Half is left to do, —
Cambridge, and Concord, and Lexington!
When the battle is fought and won,
What shall be told of you?

Hark! — 'tis the south wind moans, —
Who are the martyrs down?
Ah, the marrow was true in your children's bones,
That sprinkled with blood the cursed stones
Of the murder-haunted town!

What if the storm-clouds blow?
What if the green leaves fall?
Better the crashing tempest's throe
Than the army of worms that gnawed below;
Trample them one and all!

Then when the battle is won,
And the land from traitors free,
Our children shall tell of the strife begun
When Liberty's second April sun
Was bright on our brave old tree!

The Northern Tempest.

BY G. W. LIGHT.

THE lightning flashes in the sky ;
The thunder now begins to speak :
Our Eagle sits, with sternest eye,
Upon his bravest mountain peak.

The Country's flag is proudly flung,
With all its stars, on every breeze ;
And Freedom's voice, with trumpet-tongue,
Is sounding over land and seas.

Our Hero left, with noble tread,
His Sumter walls, but not his plume ;
And only when he roused the dead
That slumbered in the Nation's tomb !

The shade of holy Vernon starts,
And leaves his silent mansion dim,
Awakened by the beating hearts
That bless the counterpart of HIM !

The Northern drum was slow to beat :
The God of Battles we implored,
To quench the self-destroying heat
And madness of the Traitor's sword.

But now the storm beclouds the sun !
The tempest furies take their wing ;
And Freedom's Battle, well begun,
Its fame will through the nations ring !

It only now remains to pray,
That God will smile upon the Right,
And speed its overwhelming day
Serenely marching up the night.

BOSTON, May 1, 1861.

"Our Massachusetts Dead."

BY MARY WEBB.

PEACE to their ashes! they sleep well —
Our Massachusetts dead, who fell
In march to Freedom's citadel:
First-fruits of that full vintage, red,
Awaiting War's all-crushing tread —
Our own, our Massachusetts Dead!

Dead! where, upon a slave-cursed soil,
They grappled with the sons of spoil —
Our eagle in the serpent's coil!
But (brightening, soon, the serpent's head)
The symbol-bird its wing shall spread
Above our Massachusetts Dead!

Is soil that hides foul treason's nest
Fit mantle for a soldier's breast?
Shall they sleep there, in graves unblest?
No! muttered threats would haunt their bed,
And e'en the traitor's lightest tread
Disturb our Massachusetts Dead!

No! bring them back "with tender care;"
Though chilly is our Northern air,
Blossoms of hope those graves shall bear,
Moistened by grateful tears they shed
Who would have poured their blood instead
Of our own Massachusetts Dead!

Green chaplets of renown, around
Those icy temples, shall be bound,
Their shaded dust with honor crowned;
While bannered stars their lustre shed
On names, so late, to glory wed —
Our own, our Massachusetts Dead!

"Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott."

(*Luther's Hymn.*)

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We wait beneath the furnace-blast
The pangs of transformation:
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the nation.
Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire;
Nor spares the hand
That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil.

The hand-breadth cloud the sages feared
Its bloody rain is dropping;
The poison-plant the fathers spared
All else is overtopping.
East, West, South, North,
It curses the earth;
All justice dies,
And fraud and lies
Live only in its shadow.

What gives the wheat-field blades of steel?
What points the rebel cannon?
What sets the roaring rabble's heel
On the old star-spangled pennon?
What breaks the oath
Of the men o' the South?
What whets the knife
For the Union's life? —
Hark, to the answer: — Slavery!

Then waste no blows on lesser foes
In strife unworthy freemen.

God lifts to-day the veil and shows
The features of the demon !
O North and South,
Its victims both,
Can ye not cry,
" Let Slavery die ! "
And union find in freedom ?

What though the cast-out spirit tear
The nation in his going ;
We who have shared the guilt must share
The pang of his o'erthrowing !
Whate'er the loss,
Whate'er the cross,
Shall they complain
Of present pain
Who trust in God's hereafter ?

For who that leans on His right arm
Was ever yet forsaken ?
What righteous cause can suffer harm
If He its part has taken ?
Though wild and loud
And dark the cloud,
Behind its folds
His hand upholds
The calm sky of to-morrow !

Above the maddening cry for blood,
Above the wild war-drumming,
Let Freedom's voice be heard, with good
The evil overcoming.
Give prayer and purse
To stay The Curse
Whose wrong we share,
Whose shame we bear,
Whose end shall gladden Heaven !

In vain the bells of war shall ring
Of triumphs and revenges,

While still is spared the evil thing
That severs and estranges.
But, blest the ear
That yet shall hear
The jubilant bell
That rings the knell
Of Slavery forever!

Then let the selfish lip be dumb,
And hushed the breath of sighing;
Before the joy of peace, must come
The pains of purifying.
God give us grace
Each in his place
To bear his lot,
And, murmuring not,
Endure and wait and labor!

My Country's Cause is Mine.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

CHILD of "the peaceful sect" though I was born,
Taught the brave warrior and his deeds to scorn,
Yet, if I must, that birthright I resign,
And henceforth own, my country's cause is mine.

Fling out her banner on the morning air,
Let evening shadows find it floating there;
And when the midnight moon is riding high,
Still may it wave between the earth and sky.

By all the memories of Bunker Hill,
W h hold their power to stir the spirit still,
By all the hopes of freedom for our race,
Be every man in his appointed place.

Round the fair standard of our country's cause,
And in defence of all her righteous laws,
Let brave hearts rally from the East and West,
To save the country that we love the best.

Death to the traitor that would lower her flag,
To hoist instead the mean Palmetto rag.
O'er all our land the stars and stripes shall wave,
For where they float not, there is Freedom's grave.

"God speed the right," to-day each true man cries;
"God speed the right," each woman's heart replies —
"Be life and fortune laid on Freedom's shrine;"
And all hearts cry, "My country's cause is mine."

BEVERLY, April 21, 1861.

Virginia.

BY MRS. CAROLINE FRANCES ORNE.

LAY thy hand on thy lip, and thy lip in the dust,
Thou traitor to honor, to faith, and to trust!
Thou hast blackened to darkness the glorious light
That guided the nations and led them aright.

Thou hast rent with base hand the proud flag of the free,
That flew like a meteor o'er land and o'er sea;
That wherever it floated, where'er was unfurled,
Was honored, respected, beloved by the world.

The ashes of Washington, sacredly urned,
With thy parricide feet thou hast wantonly spurned;
Thou hast scattered the fire on the altar that lay,
And the sacrifice flung to the vile birds of prey.

Thou hast trampled thy honor all recklessly do[illegible];
Thou hast torn from thy brow its once glorious crown;

Thou art fallen, O morning star! never to rise,
Like Lucifer fallen, plunged down from the skies.

Thou fairest, thou proudest, thou honored of all!
How low thy abasement! how abject thy fall!
How prone in the dust dost thou grovelling lay! —
All noble, all true hearts turn mourning away.

Go, blot out thy name from the rolls of the free,
Or, blackened and blasted, there still let it be;
It matters not — hissing, and byword, and scorn,
To the nations that are, and the nations unborn!

Stars in my Country's Sky.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Are ye all there? Are ye all there,
Stars of my country's sky?
Are ye *all* there? *Are ye all there*,
In your shining homes on high?
"Count us! Count us," was their answer,
As they dazzled on my view,
In glorious perihelion,
Amid their field of blue.

I cannot count ye rightly;
There's a cloud with sable rim;
I cannot make your number out,
For my eyes with tears are dim.
Oh! bright and blessed Angel,
On white wing floating by,
Help me to count, and not to miss
One star in my country's sky!

Then the Angel touched mine eyelids,
And touched the frowning cloud;

And its sable rim departed,
  And it fled with murky shroud.
There was no missing Pleiad,
  'Mid all that sister race;
The Southern Cross gleamed radiant forth,
  And the Pole-Star kept its place.

Then I knew it was the Angel
  Who woke the hymning strain
That, at our dear Redeemer's birth,
  Pealed out o'er Bethlehem's plain;
And still its heavenly key-tone
  My listening country held,
For all her constellated stars
  The diapason swelled.

HARTFORD, CONN.

The Nineteenth of April, 1861.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

THIS year, till late in April, the snow fell thick and light;
Thy flag of peace, dear Nature, in clinging drifts of white,
Hung over field and city; now everywhere is seen,
In place of that white quietness, a sudden glow of green.

The verdure climbs the common, beneath the ancient trees,
To where the glorious Stars and Stripes are floating on the breeze.
There suddenly as Spring awoke from Winter's snow-draped gloom,
The Passion-Flower of Seventy-Six is bursting into bloom.

Dear is the time of roses, when earth to joy is wed,
And garden-plat and meadow wear one generous flush of red;
But now in dearer beauty, to Freedom's colors true,
Blooms the old town of Boston in red and white and blue.

Along the whole awakening North are those true colors spread;
A summer noon of patriotism is burning overhead.
No party badges flaunting now — no word of clique or clan;
But "Up for God and Union!" is the shout of every man.

Oh, peace is dear to Northern hearts; our hard-earned homes more dear;
But Freedom is beyond the price of any earthly cheer;
And Freedom's flag is sacred; — he who would work it harm,
Let him, although a brother, beware our strong right arm!

Ah, brother! ah, the sorrow, the anguish of that word!
The fratricidal strife begun, when shall its end be heard?
Not this the boon that patriot hearts have prayed and waited for; —
We loved them, and we longed for peace; but they would have it war.

Yes; war! on this memorial day, the day of Lexington,
A lightning thrill along the wires from heart to heart has run.
Brave men we gazed on yesterday, to-day for us have bled;
Again is Massachusetts blood the first for freedom shed.

To war — and with our brethren, then — if only this can be!
Life hangs as nothing in the scale against dear Liberty!
Though hearts be torn asunder, we for Mother-Land will fight;
Our blood may seal the victory, but God will shield the Right!

Army Hymn.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"*Old Hundred.*"

O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring!

To every arm Thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart!

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our Nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all Nations! Sovereign Lord!
In thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high,
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till Peace shall reign —
Till fort and field, till shore and sea
Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE!

To the Men of the North and West.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

MEN of the North and West,
Wake in your might —
Prepare, as the rebels have done,
For the fight;
You cannot shrink from the test,
Rise! Men of the North and West!

They have torn down your banner of stars;
They have trampled the laws;
They have stifled the freedom they hate,
For no cause!

Do you love it, or slavery best?
Speak! Men of the North and West.

They strike at the life of the State;
Shall the murder be done?
They cry, "We are two!" And you —
"*We are one!*"
You must meet them, then, breast to breast;
On! Men of the North and West!

Not with words — they laugh them to scorn,
And tears they despise —
But with swords in your hands, and death
In your eyes!
Strike home! leave to God all the rest;
Strike! Men of the North and West!

The Holy War.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"And I saw heaven opened, and beheld a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written, that no man knew, but he himself. And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean." — Rev. xix. 11, 12, 14.

To the last battle set, throughout the earth!
Not for vile lust of plunder or of power,
The hosts of justice and eternal right
Unfurl their banner in this solemn hour.

A King rides forth, whose eyes, as burning fire,
Wither oppression in their dazzling flame:
And he hath sworn to right all human wrong
By the dread power of his mysterious name.

O'er all the earth resounds his trumpet-call;
The nations, waking from their dreary night,
Are mustering in their ranks, and thronging on
To hail the brightness of his rising light:

And all the armies that behind him ride
Come in white raiment, spotless as the snow —
"Freedom and justice" is their battle-cry,
And all the earth rejoices as they go.

Shoulder to shoulder ride the brother bands —
Brave hearts and tender, with undaunted eye;
With manly patience ready to endure,
With gallant daring resolute to die.

They know not fear; for what have they to fear
Who *all* have counted, and have *all* resigned,
And laid their lives a solemn offering down
For laws, for truth, for freedom — for mankind?

No boastful words are theirs, nor murderous zeal,
Nor courage fed with the inebriate bowl;
But their brave hearts show in true touch and time
The sober courage of the manly soul.

Ah! who can say how precious and how dear
These noble hearts of thousand homes the light?
Yet wives and mothers, smiling through their tears,
Gave them unmurmuring to the holy fight.

O, brothers, banded for this sacred war!
Keep your white garments spotless still and pure;
Be priestly warriors, hallowing the right —
So shall your victory be swift and sure.

So shall the spotless King with whom ye ride
Make vile disorder from the earth to cease;
And Time's triumphant songs at last shall hail
The victory of a true and righteous peace.

The Will for the Deed.

A POEM FOR THE TIMES.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

No sword have I, no battle-blade,
Nor shining spear; how shall I aid
My Country in her great Crusade?

I cannot sow with gold the sod,
Like Dragon's teeth, and from the clod
See armed men rise, battle-shod.

I may not stand in mart or hall
And shout aloud great Freedom's call,
"Come to the rescue, one and all!"

I am a woman, weak and slight,
No voice to plead, no arm to fight,
Yet burning to support the Right.

How shall I aid my Country's cause?
How help avenge her trampled laws?
Alas, my woman's heart makes pause.

With oil and wine I may not go
Where wounded men toss to and fro,
Beneath the invader's hand laid low.

My little child looks up to me
And lisps a stronger, mightier plea;
God wills where he is I should be.

Ah well, I am not needed! He
Who knows my heart, perchance, for me
Has other work than now I see.

"They also serve who stand and wait."
Oh, golden words! — and not too late,
My soul accepts her humbler fate.

Content to serve in any way,
Less than the least, if so I may
But hail the dawning of that day,

When my beloved Land shall rise,
And shout as one man to the skies,
"Lo, Freedom lives and Slavery dies!"

FITCHBURG, May, 1861.

All Forward!

BY ROSE TERRY.

AIR — "*Garibaldi's Hymn.*"

ALL forward! All forward!
All forward to battle! the trumpets are crying;
Forward! All forward! our old flag is flying.
When Liberty calls us we linger no longer;
Rebels, come on! though a thousand to one!—
Liberty! Liberty! deathless and glorious,
Under thy banner thy sons are victorious,
Free souls are valiant, and strong arms are stronger;
God shall go with us and battle be won.
Hurrah for the banner!
Hurrah for the banner!
Hurrah for our banner, the flag of the free!

All forward! All forward!
All forward for Freedom! In terrible splendor
She comes to the loyal who die to defend her.
Her stars and her stripes o'er the wild wave of battle
Shall float in the heavens to welcome us on.

All forward! to glory, though life-blood is pouring,
Where bright swords are flashing, and cannon are roaring;
Welcome to death in the bullets' quick rattle —
Fighting or falling shall Freedom be won.
Hurrah for the banner, etc.

All forward! All forward!
All forward to conquer! Where free hearts are beating,
Death to the coward who dreams of retreating!
Liberty calls us from mountain and valley;
Waving her banner she leads to the fight.
Forward! All forward! the trumpets are crying,
The drum beats to arms, and our old flag is flying;
Stout hearts and strong hands around it shall rally.
Forward to battle for God and the Right!
Hurrah for the banner!
Hurrah for the banner!
Hurrah for our banner, the flag of the free!

The Great Bell Roland.

SUGGESTED BY THE PRESIDENT'S CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

[MOTLEY relates that the famous bell Roland of Ghent was an object of great affection to the people, because it always rang to arm them when liberty was in danger.]

I.

TOLL! Roland, toll!
— High in St. Bavon's tower
At midnight hour
The great bell Roland spoke:
And all who slept in Ghent awoke:
— What meant its iron stroke?
Why caught each man his blade

Why the hot haste he made?
Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet —
All flying to the city's wall?
It was the call
Known well to all,
That Freedom stood in peril of some foe:
And even timid hearts grew bold
Whenever Roland toll'd,
And every hand a sword could hold; —
For men
Were patriots then,
Three hundred years ago!

II.

Toll! Roland, toll!
Bell never yet was hung
Between whose lips there swung
So true and brave a tongue!
— If men be patriots still,
At thy first sound
True hearts will bound,
Great souls will thrill —
Then toll! and wake the test
In each man's breast,
And let him stand confess'd!

III.

Toll! Roland, toll!
— Not in St. Bavon's tower
At midnight hour —
Nor by the Scheldt, nor far-off Zuyder Zee,
But here — this side the sea! —
And here in broad, bright day!
Toll! Roland, toll!
For not by night awaits
A brave foe at the gates,
But Treason stalks abroad — inside! — at noon!
Toll! Thy alarm is not too soon!

To Arms! Ring out the Leader's call!
Reëcho it from East to West,
Till every dauntless breast
Swell beneath plume and crest!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till swords from scabbards leap!
Toll! Roland, toll!
— What tears can widows weep
Less bitter than when brave men fall?
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till cottager from cottage-wall
Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun —
The heritage of sire to son
Ere half of Freedom's work was done!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till son, in memory of his sire,
Once more shall load and fire!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till volunteers find out the art
Of aiming at a traitor's heart!

IV.

Toll! Roland, toll!
— St. Bavon's stately tower
Stands to this hour, —
And by its side stands Freedom yet in Ghent;
For when the bells now ring,
Men shout "God save the King"
Until the air is rent!
— Amen! — So let it be:
For a true King is he
Who keeps his people free.
Toll! Roland, toll!
This side the sea!
No longer they but we
Have now such need of thee!
Toll! Roland, toll!
And let thy iron throat
Ring out its warning note

Till Freedom's perils be outbraved,
And Freedom's flag, wherever waved,
Shall overshadow none enslaved!
Toll! till from either ocean's strand
Brave men shall clasp each other's hand
And shout, "God save our native land!"
— And love the land which God hath saved!
Toll! Roland, toll!

Hymn for a Flag-Raising in Andover.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

TUNE — "*America.*"

HERE, where our fathers came
Bearing the holy flame
To light our days, —
Here, where with faith and prayer
They reared these walls in air,
Now to the heavens so fair
Their flag we raise.

Look ye, where free it waves
Over their hallowed graves!
Blessing their sleep;
Now pledge your heart and hand,
Sons of a noble land,
Round this bright flag to stand,
Till death to keep!

God of our fathers! now
To thee we raise our vow —
Judge and defend;
Let Freedom's banner wave
Till there be not a slave —
Show thyself strong to save,
Unto the end.

Liberty and Union.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

AIR — "*Hail Columbia.*"

HAIL the Union ! let it stand,
Pride of patriots o'er our land ;
And let not treason sever now
The sacred bands our fathers joined,
When all the States like tendrils twined
Around the banner of the free,
Shouting "Union !" "Liberty !"
Side by side, like brothers, found
Battling for the hallowed ground.

Chorus.

Still let "Union !" be our cry ;
"Union !" let each State reply —
Liberty and Union twined,
Will be joy and strength combined.

From the North, where icy chains
Bind the streams while Winter reigns,
Where patriot blood was freely shed,
Oh ! let the fervent prayer ascend,
That Liberty and Union blend
O'er all the land our fathers won,
When Concord plains and Lexington
Rang with shouts of victory,
Prophet-anthems of the free.
Still let "Union !" &c.

Where e'en winter airs are balm,
Through the South, where waves the palm,
From whence came hearts to freedom true,
To battle for that liberty
So dear to souls by God made free—
Whence came th' immortal Washington,

Wearing the crown his valor won —
Let the Union shout resound,
Drowning treason's discord sound.
Still let "Union!" &c.

From the East and from the West,
Granite hill and gold-seamed crest,
Be "Liberty" and "Union" sung,
Till future ages shall confess
That He whose smile alone can bless,
Our fathers' God, their children heard,
And spoke the tempest-calming word,
Blending Union, Liberty,
O'er our land from sea to sea.
Still let "Union!" be our cry;
"Union!" let each State reply —
Liberty and Union twined,
Will be joy and strength combined.

BEVERLY, MASS.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

BY F. S. KEY.

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof, through the night, that our flag was still there!
O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses ?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam ;
Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream ; —
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner ! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more ?
Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' pollution !
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave !
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation !
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation !
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just ;
And this be our motto, " In God is our trust ! "
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

ADDITIONAL VERSES TO THE "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

VERSE BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

When our land is illumined with Liberty's smile,
If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,
Down, down with the traitor that dares to defile
The flag of her stars and the page of her glory !
By the millions unchained who our birthright have gained,
We will keep her bright blazon forever unstained !
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
While the land of the free is the home of the brave !

VERSE BY MISS STEBBINS, THE SCULPTRESS.

When treason's dark cloud hovers black o'er the land,
And traitors conspire to sully her glory,
When that banner is torn by a fratricide band,
Whose bright, starry folds shine illumined in story,
United we stand for the dear native land,
To the Union we pledge every heart, every hand!
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

She has gone, — she has left us in passion and pride, —
Our stormy-browed sister, so long at our side!
She has torn her own star from our firmament's glow,
And turned on her brother the face of a foe!

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
We can never forget that our hearts have been one, —
Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's name,
From the fountain of blood with the finger of flame!

You were always too ready to fire at a touch;
But we said, "She is hasty, — she does not mean much."
We have scowled, when you uttered some turbulent threat;
But Friendship still whispered, "Forgive and forget!"

Has our love all died out? Have its altars grown cold?
Has the curse come at last which the fathers foretold?
Then Nature must teach us the strength of the chain
That her petulant children would sever in vain.

They may fight till the buzzards are gorged with their spoil,
Till the harvest grows black as it rots in the soil,

Till the wolves and the catamounts troop from their caves,
And the shark tracks the pirate, the lord of the waves:

In vain is the strife! When its fury is past,
Their fortunes must flow in one channel at last,
As the torrents that rush from the mountains of snow
Roll mingled in peace through the valleys below.

Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky:
Man breaks not the medal, when God cuts the die!
Though darkened with sulphur, though cloven with steel,
The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal!

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
There are battles with Fate that can never be won!
The star-flowering banner must never be furled,
For its blossoms of light are the hope of the world!

Go, then, our rash sister! afar and aloof,—
Run wild in the sunshine away from our roof;
But when your heart aches and your feet have grown sore,
Remember the pathway that leads to our door!

Stand by the Union!

BY T. I. M.

Come patriots, freemen, come citizens all!
The voices of millions on you loudly call:
Arise in your might, forgetting the past,
And *stand by the Union*, together, at last.

Let party distinctions be now laid aside,
And *stand by the Union*, the land of our pride;
By the stars and the stripes, our hope and our trust,
And suffer them never to trail in the dust.

Remember how dearly this emblem was bought;
Remember, to save it our forefathers fought;
Remember, *their* blood will be found on the skirt
Of the traitor who dares this banner desert!

Away with *disunion*, wherever 'tis found, —
Away with the traitors from this hallowed ground!
Shall we with them compromise, while living still
In sight of that Monument on *Bunker Hill?*

No! no! To the breeze, then, our banner shall fly,
With prayers and petitions to the Ruler on high,
That *He*, in his wisdom, his power, and might,
Will help while we humbly pray, *God speed the right.*

Our flag is the emblem of justice and right;
Its stars to the doubting will shed forth a light;
Its stripes, white and red, according to rule,
Will be laid on the back of the traitor, the fool!

Three cheers for our Banner, the red, white, and blue!
Three cheers for our Volunteers, noble and true!
Three cheers for the *Union*, for Liberty's cause!
Three cheers for the *old Constitution* and *Laws!*

South Boston, April 20, 1861.

Coming.

BY ALICE CARY.

They are mustering — they are marching!
How their onward tramping rolls!
They are coming, coming, coming!
A hundred thousand souls!

From the granite hills — the seaside —
In solid ranks like walls —

A hundred men to take the place
Of every man that falls.

Right on across the midnight —
Right onward, stern and proud —
Their red flags shining as they come,
Like morning on a cloud.

Battalion on battalion,
The West its bravery pours,
For the colors God's own hand has set,
In the bushes at their doors!

In the woods and in the clearings,
The lovers, brothers, sons,
The young men and the old men
Are shouldering their guns.

They have heard the bugle blowing —
Heard the thunder of the drum,
And farther than the eye can see
They come, and come, and come!

What of the Night?

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

WATCHMAN on the tower! tell us
If the morning seems to dawn;
Hearts are aching for such tidings —
Dost thou see the signs of morn?
Or, if still the darkness broodeth,
Tell us what the gloom portends —
What the fate our land awaiting,
Wheresoe'er the night extends?

What — O watchman! haste to tell us —
What descriest thou to-night?

Are the stars 'tween storm-clouds gleaming?
Will the moon soon beam forth bright?
Through the mists of sad disunion
Comes there not one cheering ray?
Rises there no morning planet
As the herald of the day?

"Querist! on the watch-tower standing,
O'er the land no light I spy,
Save the beacon faintly glimmering
From the Gospel turret high:
Not a star is in the heavens
Save the Star of Bethlehem,
Faintly twinkling in the distance
Like a ray from tiny gem.

But though faint the light, and distant,
Of the beacon and the star,
Steady are the rays they're sending
Through the murky gloom afar.
In the Gospel turret waiting
Are the forces of the truth,
All their armor brightly shining,
Strong in their eternal youth.

Higher Bethlehem's star is rising—
'Tis the herald of the morn;
With its steady light advancing,
Comes the blessed hour of dawn.
Then the warriors from the turret
Forth to battle-fields shall go,
Waving Freedom's starry banner,
Bravely meeting every foe.

With the light must come the conflict;
Truth with error must contend;
But while Jacob's God is watching,
Truth must triumph in the end;

And with Bethlehem's star, in beauty,
  Will the star of Freedom shine;
And, the rage of conflict ending,
  Peace with happiness shall twine.

Trust thou in the God of Nations,
  Who of one blood made us all;
For the pall of desolation
  Cannot on His children fall.
Hope then, querist, for the morning;
  Though the strife be hard and long,
All that love man's truest freedom
  Yet shall join the victor's song."

BEVERLY, MASS.

Freedom's Army.

BY R. F. FULLER.

WHAT host is this, the city swarms,
With bright array of martial forms?
Where'er they go the people cheer —
What host is this? and wherefore here?
This is the army of the free:
They march to fight for liberty.

What wondrous spell has summoned forth
From the pacific West and North
These hosts, that spring up in a breath,
Like armies from the dragon's teeth?
These legions into being came,
Called forth by Freedom's magic name!

The worthy sons of noble sires,
They burn with patriotic fires,
Their free-born heritage to save!
The stars and stripes above them wave,

The eagle, with his pinions spread —
They fight for what their fathers bled!

Their country's well-known martial strain
They follow to the field again!
Their nation's flag has never yet,
And it shall never know defeat,
While patriots 'neath the standard fight,
And freedom on the banner write!

When arms the patriotic son,
To keep the field the fathers won,
And meet the issue here again
In which the heroes struggled then,
Again to right and liberty
Shall God bestow the victory!

The Men Who Fell in Baltimore.

DEDICATED TO THE SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT, BY J. W. FORNEY.

Our country's call awoke the land
From mountain height to ocean strand.
The Old Keystone — the Bay State, too,
In all her direst dangers true —
Resolved to answer to her cry,
For her to bleed, for her to die;
And so they marched, their flag before,
For Washington, through Baltimore.

Our men from Berks and Schuylkill came —
Lehigh and Mifflin in their train;
First in the field they sought the way,
Hearts beating high and spirits gay;
Heard the wild yells of fiendish spite,
Of armed mobs on left and right;

But on they marched, their flag before,
For Washington, through Baltimore.

Next came the Massachusetts men,
Gathered from city, glade, and glen ;
No hate for South, but love for all,
They answered to their country's call.
The path to them seemed broad and bright,
They sought no foeman and no fight,
As on they marched, their flag before,
New England braves, through Baltimore.

But when they showed their martial pride,
And closed their glittering columns wide,
They found their welcome in the fire
Of maddened foes and demons dire,
Who, like the fiends from hell sent forth,
Attacked these heroes of the North ;
These heroes bold, with travel sore,
While on their way through Baltimore.

From every stifling den and street,
They rushed the gallant band to meet —
Forgot the cause they came to save —
Forgot that those they struck were brave —
Forgot the dearest ties of blood
That bound them in one brotherhood —
Forgot the flag that floated o'er
Their countrymen in Baltimore.

And the great song their son had penned,
To rally freemen to defend
The banner of the stripes and stars,
That makes victorious all our wars,
Was laughed to scorn, as madly then
They greeted all the gallant men
Who came from Massachusetts' shore
To Washington, through Baltimore.

And when, with wildest grief, at last,
They saw their comrades falling fast,
Full on the assassins in their track
They wheeled, and drove the cowards back.
Then, with their hearts o'erwhelmed with woe,
Measured their progress, stern and slow;
Their wounded on their shoulders bore,
To Washington, through Baltimore.

Yet, while New England mourns her dead,
The blood by Treason foully shed,
Like that which flowed at Lexington,
When Freedom's earliest fight begun,
Will make the day, the month, the year,
To every patriot's memory dear.
Sons of great fathers gone before,
They fell for Right at Baltimore.

As over every honored grave,
Where sleeps the "unreturning brave,"
A mother sobs, a young wife moans,
A father for his lost one groans,
Oh! let the people ne'er forget
Our deep, enduring, lasting debt
To those who left their native shore
And died for us in Baltimore.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

THE star-spangled banner, that blows broad and brave,
O'er the home of the free, o'er the hut of the slave —
Whose stars in the face of no foe e'er waxed pale,
And whose stripes are for those that the stars dare assail —

Whose folds every year broad and broader have grown,
Till they shadow both arctic and tropical zone,
From the Sierra Nevada to Florida's shore,
And like Oliver Twist, are still asking for more.

The banner whose infantine bunting can boast,
To have witnessed the Union's great charter engrossed,
Which at Boston saw freedom's stout struggle begun,
And from Washington welcomed its victory won —

For our fathers in rebel defiance it spread,
But to us it waves brotherly greeting instead ;
And Concord and Peace, not Bellona and Mars,
Now support England's jack and the States' stripes and stars.

Can it be there are parricide hands that would tear
This star-spangled banner — so broad and so fair ?
And if there be hands would such sacrilege try,
Is the bunting too weak the attempt to defy ?

Alas ! while its woof Freedom wove in her loom,
She paused in her work, and the fiend took her room,
And seizing the shuttle that Freedom had left,
Threw Slavery's warp across Liberty's weft.

How the fiend laughed and leaped, as the swift shuttle flew,
With its blood-rotted threads, the fair weft running through !
" Now cut your web — it is broad — it is long —
'Twixt fiend's work and Freedom's let's hope it is strong ! "

And now that the blood-rotted warp is worn bare,
The flag it is fraying, the flag it may tear ;
For the fiend cheers on those who to rend it essay,
And the work he's had hand in is apt to give way.

Now Heaven guide the issue ! May Freedom's white hands,
Ere too late, from the flag pluck those blood-rotted strands,
And to battle and breeze fling the banner in proof
That 'tis all her own fabric, in warp as in woof.

If this may not be — if the moment be nigh,
When this banner unrent shall no more flout the sky,
To make fitting division of beams and of bars,
Let the South have the stripes, and the North have the stars.

The Stars and Stripes.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

The banner of St. George may float
  Above Old England's walls,
The red cross gleaming from the towers
  Of her time-honored halls.
But fling from every summit here,
  The Banner of the free, —
Old England's war-stained flag is fair,
  But "Stars and Stripes" for me!

No Moslem crescent finds a place
  Upon our banner fair;
The emblems of eternal light
  Beam on the azure there.
Each twinkling star that decks the sky,
  Shines with unborrowed light,
The sun of many a planet sphere,
  The glory of the night.

So, in our Union, every State,
  To every home a sun,
Adds to the glory of the whole,
  "Inseparable and one."
"Union and Liberty" they tell —
  Those stars upon our flag;
"Long may it wave" in triumph o'er
  Each mean Secession rag.

Nail to each mast our country's sign,
The standard of the free!
And then defend its stars and stripes
On every tossing sea.
Freedom and peace shall yet be known
In our beloved land, —
For oh! the striped and starry flag
Is held in God's right hand.

BEVERLY, May 2, 1861.

To Arms!

BY MARTHA PERRY LOWE.

TRAITORS and foes! we shall arm! we shall arm!
Brethren are ye — but it matters us not:
Men of the South! we are calm! we are calm!
You are like madmen, misguided and hot!

Long have we patiently borne with your hate;
Shame has been rising and flushing our brow;
Oh! we've entreated you early and late —
God only knows what has come o'er us now!

We are not angry — the fire is too deep;
We will not taunt — that's for boys, and not men;
Yet we have sworn, and our word we will keep,
NEVER shall you trample on us again!

You have dishonored the Stripes and the Stars!
The pale North a moment DID hold in her breath;
Now thousands of eyes, like the red planet Mars,
Do glare on you steady defiance and death!

YOU love not to work, you are all gentle-men;
Arms are your pastime, and "fight," is your word:
We love the plough, and the loom, and the pen;
Nobler is Peace, to our hearts, than the Sword.

YOU have been plotting all over the land —
  You have been training, to tear down the State;
WE'VE not been playing with weapons in hand,
  But we'll tear down YOUR flag, at the Capitol's gate!

Lord of the Nations! restrain us! restrain!
  Terrible, mighty, our waking will be;
Blood, when it falls, will come down as the rain,
  Flooding the earth like the surge of the sea!

Then courage, ye Men of the North and the West!
  A nation is springing again into birth,
In the beautiful garments of liberty dressed,
  Forever to stand the desire of the earth!

The First Gun.

BY EDWARD S. RAND, JR.

ON Sumter's walls at set of sun
  The stars and stripes were flying,
But ere the light of day begun
To chase the shadows dark and dun,
To bursting shell and booming gun
  The echoes were replying.

Patient we watched for months the sight
  Of insult and aggression;
We knew our strength, we felt our might,
Strong in the cause of truth and right,
Ready to battle in the fight
  Of freedom 'gainst oppression.

Love for our brothers led astray
  We could not wholly smother;
Our wrathful words were slow to say;

Cast not the olive-branch away,
Nor meet, in battle's stern array,
The children of our mother.

That opening gun ! that opening gun !
Its echoes are resounding,
Where Maine's high peaks salute the sun,
Where the sun sets when day is done,
From east to west, and on and on,
Its stirring peal is sounding.

That opening gun ! its sound shall wake
The spirit of a nation,
To rally for their country's sake,
In hand th' avenging sword to take,
On those who would our safeguards break,
Revenge the desecration.

That opening gun ! from east to west
In majesty and glory,
A people rouses from its rest —
United stand they, breast to breast,
As erst when trodden and oppressed,
In old historic story.

That opening gun ! on them the blame.
To us the boon is given
To battle for our country's name,
The stars and stripes of well-earned fame,
Our pride, our boast, our oriflamme,
And victory from Heaven.

Glen Ridge, April 20, 1861.

An Invocation.

BY J. WARD CHILDS.

THOU great and all-wise Ruler,
In whose Almighty hand
Is held the future destiny
Of our devoted land;
To Thee, thou great Deliverer,
In this our time of need,
In deep humiliation,
We bow our cause to plead.

We've often in our blindness
Forgotten Thee, our God,
And justly do we merit
The vengeance of Thy rod.
But Thou art merciful and just —
Thy mercy, Lord, we crave!
Oh! hear our supplications,
And our dear country save.

We know our strength is weakness,
That we alone must fall;
But Thy right arm can save us,
For Thou art all in all.
The storm that hangs above us
Will vanish at Thy will;
Lord, calm the angry waters —
Command them: "Peace, be still."

Oh! may once more among us
The dove of Peace descend,
And o'er our glorious country
Her heavenly wings extend;
The people's hearts uniting,
In bonds of peace and love,
With Discord's arm beneath our feet,
And Stars and Stripes above.

E. Elmer Ellsworth.

BY MARY WEBB.

Bold leader of the Zouave band!
A name — not written in the sand —
Thou, dying, leav'st thy native land.

In Freedom's annals, side by side,
Thy name with Warren's is allied —
The tyrant's dread, the patriot's pride!

The marble shaft for each we raise,
For each the poet pours his lays,
Time wreathes for both unwithering bays!

When, sheathed once more the battle-blade,
We rest beneath the olive's shade,
With none to spoil, or make afraid,

Beauty for ashes — joy for fears —
E'en she thy early love endears
May lift her head, and smile through tears.

The Massachusetts Soldier's Wife.

BY CHARLES A. BARRY.

One parting kiss; the time is come,
That severs thee and me; —
I hear the rolling of the drum,
The Stars and Stripes I see!

My heart leaps up; I catch the cry
Of freemen, old and young;
Away! God speed you! do, or die!
Be first our foes among!

The Old Bay State will fondly keep
  Her heroes in her sight;
Away! let slaves and cowards weep;
  Be bravest in the fight!

Uphold our flag; its Sumter stain
  Avenge with Titan blows, —
Smite down to earth, with leaden rain,
  Columbia's brutal foes!

I mourn not, Richard, that I lose
  The star of all my life;
Go: and remember that I *choose*
  To *be* a soldier's wife.

I'll teach my boy, "if thou should'st fall,"
  The GREATNESS of thy fate;
Thy name shall be his "all in all,"
  Thy grave his best estate.

I'll twine around his golden hair
  The laurel thou may'st earn;
And battle cry, and martial air,
  Our darling boy shall learn.

The gilded eagle on thy breast
  Against his heart I'll bind;
The crimson sash that keeps thy vest
  Around *his* waist I'll wind.

And then I'll tell him how you went
  All grandly to the strife:
Ah, Richard, I was surely meant
  To be a soldier's wife.

Fear not for us; as strong as oak
  The arms you gently feel:
Last night I prayed; ere morning broke,
  My heart was changed to steel.

Go — welcome *any* shape of death!
Be my ambition thine!
Fight bravely, — every trumpet's breath
Proclaims this wish of mine.

Fight bravely, Richard! *fight for me;*
Fight bravely, I repeat!
Sustain the flag! or let it be
My husband's winding-sheet.

A Voice of the Loyal North.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

We sing "Our Country's" song to-night,
With saddened voice and eye;
Her banner droops in clouded light
Beneath the wintry sky.
We'll pledge her once in golden wine,
Before her stars have set;
Though dim one reddening orb may shine,
We have a Country yet.

'Twere vain to sigh o'er errors past,
The fault of sires or sons;
Our soldier heard the threatening blast,
And spiked his useless guns;
He saw the star-wreathed ensign fall,
By mad invaders torn;
But saw it from the bastioned wall
That laughed their rage to scorn!

What though their angry cry is flung
Across the howling wave, —
They smite the air with idle tongue
The gathering storm who brave;

Enough of speech! the trumpet rings;
Be silent, patient, calm, —
God help them if the tempest swings
The pine against the palm!

Our toilsome years have made us tame;
Our strength has slept unfelt;
The furnace-fire is slow to flame
That bids our ploughshares melt;
'Tis hard to lose the bread they win
In spite of Nature's frowns —
To drop the iron threads we spin,
That weave our web of towns —

To see the rustling turbines stand
Before the emptied flumes —
To fold the arms that flood the land
With rivers from their looms, —
But harder still for those who learn
The truth forgot so long:
When once their slumbering passions burn,
The peaceful are the strong!

The Lord have mercy on the weak,
And calm their frenzied ire,
And save our brothers ere they shriek
"We played with Northern fire!"
The eagle hold his mountain height —
The tiger pace his den!
Give all their country, each his right:
God keep us all! Amen!

National Fast, Jan. 4, 1861.

The Mother's Farewell.

BY R. E. L.

Nay, go! thy country calls thee, go!
I will not bid thee stay;
Though all my woman's heart should break,
And weep itself away.

Nay, go! I freely give thee up,
My last, my only one;
A mother's prayer will follow thee,
With blessings for her son.

I fondly trusted yet to lean
Upon thine arm, my boy;
And through the gathering shades to tread
My feeble way with joy.

But now I bid thee fearless go,
And gird thee for the fight;
And in thy country's sacred cause,
Be valiant for the right.

Go! A holy cause is thine, my son—
To guard and keep unstained
The heritage thy fathers won,
The land their blood obtained.

Raise proudly up the gallant flag,
That treason's hands assail;
Nerve all thy soul to battle well,
Till right and truth prevail.

Then go! I gladly bid thee go!
Though in loneliness I mourn;
And bring again thy soldier's shield,
Or on it back be borne!

To the Flag on the Old South Church, Boston.

BY JULIET.

We raise our bright flag o'er this temple of prayer ;
Its folds shall wave glad in the clear summer air.
Fair Flag of our Union ! to all our hearts dear,
'Tis well thou shouldst open thy bright colors here.
Fresh breezes are floating from land and from sea,
To fill the fair folds of this Flag of the free ;
While freedom grows dearer than life and than love,
As we meet at this shrine with our banner above.

Fit place for our banner — these walls echo now
The patriot's prayer and the patriot's vow,
Words spoken for freedom when few dared to hear,
When dark was the hour and the foeman was near.
Oh sacred this place to our country and right !
Where faith has grown strong looking long for the light,
Where truth has stood firm with our God for its aid,
Where prayer hath been heard when the patriot prayed.

No sceptre of monarch in all the wide world,
Nor flag that the conqueror ever unfurled,
Hath won such deep homage as *we* bring to thee,
From East and from West, fair Flag of the free !
We bring all our wealth unto Liberty's shrine,
The treasures we've gathered fro wave and from mine —
And bringing the offerings more dear than our gold,
Through tears we look up to thy fair starry fold.

From many a home, in the East and the West,
We bring thee our treasures, our bravest and best ;
We give thee the joy of the household hearth,
And hushed in our homes are the voices of mirth.
And we shall not faint, though the dearest may fall —
Though this banner be draped for the funeral pall —

Though the Red, and the White, and the Star-Spangled Blue,
Be wet with the blood of the brave and the true.

Dear banner, we love thee! float out on the air;
Wave purely and bright o'er this temple of prayer,
While millions of hearts, beating warmly and strong,
Are ready to save thee from treason and wrong!
With trust in our God, our strength and our shield,
We'll follow thy folds to the war-crimsoned field,
Till o'er this dear Union, more free than before,
Thy colors wave brightly on sea and on shore.

LAUREL BROOK, May 10, 1861.

Battle Hymn.

DEDICATED TO THE MARBLEHEAD VOLUNTEERS.

BY WILLIAM M. BRIGGS.

WHEN the Land of our Fathers was shrouded in night,
And Hope in their spirit burned feeble and low,
Young Freedom came down from her wild mountain height
And stalked through the ranks of the Foe.
Her banner was blazoned by trophies whose worth
Was wrought by her blood-written story;
And the thrill of her presence and rapture gave birth
To a Nation's uprising in glory!

Her brow was as pure as her own mountain snow;
Her wild earnest eyes had a gleaming of steel;
And the heave of her breast and her tresses' bright flow,
The young Child of Freedom reveal.
Oh! proudly she gazed where the gleam of their camps
Showed the strength that her foemen could rally,
And proudly she smiled as their glittering ranks
Lay bleeding and crushed in the valley!

Thus Freedom has smiled o'er the land of the Brave,
O'er hearts that were constant and true to the last;

If the storm then sweep over our path, let it rave —
  We can stand to the toil and the blast!
Let us rally for Freedom as truly as when
  The blood of our Forefathers won her;
Let us fight for our glorious Union, like men —
  And be worthy the names that we honor!

The Voice of the North.

March 4, 1861.

BY L. H. F.

Upon our Northern hearthstones
  The winter fires glow bright;
Within our Northern heaven
  The stars shed deeper light;
Our lakes and laughing rivers
  Are locked in icy sleep,
And on our plains and valleys
  The snow is lying deep.
Along our granite mountains
  The blasts sweep long and keen,
Yet, still upon their summits,
  The pine stands ever green.

Now God be thanked for comforts
  That come with winter days;
Now bless His hand which guided
  The toiling farmer's ways.
He watched the seed in sowing,
  And made the harvest yield;
He sent the rain and sunshine
  Alike to bless the field:
All the summer and the autumn
  Flowed His goodness o'er the earth;
And the basket and the store
  Fill the winter hours with mirth.

From New England's mountain dwellings
To the sailor's sea-coast home,
To the Giver of all mercies,
Shall our glad thanksgiving come.

And while our Northern hearthstones
Glow red with brighter fires,
The gay young children listen
To stories from their sires;
And never grow aweary
Of that tale so often told,
How beside the British Lion
Were the "stars and stripes" unrolled;
And the thought of Bunker Hill,
And Mount Vernon's honored grave,
Makes their small hands strong to labor
And their youthful spirits brave;
While one holy prayer is spoken
By every household band,
"Let the Union be unbroken,
And God save our native land!"
But where the tall palmetto
Grows green 'neath sunny skies —
And where the broad Savannah
Like a lake of emerald lies —
Where the jasmine wreaths the live-oak,
And the dew is on the flowers,
And the southern cross gleams brightly
In softer climes than ours —
The hot blood of the Southrons
Flows in a fiercer tide,
And the holy name of brother
By their hearthstones is denied.
Like a stain upon their heaven,
Floats the flag by them unfurled —
And their traitor sons in Congress
Are the scoff of all the world!
They would rend our Constitution,
By the blood of patriots sealed;

They would open fresh the wounds
  Which our sainted dead have healed;
They would pour upon our country
  Vials full of wrath and woe;
For deadly is that conflict
  Where the blood of brethren flow!
Let the traitors turn from treason
  To the patriots' early trust,
Or give unto *our* keeping
  Mount Vernon's hallowed dust.

But we spend no words in pleading;
  We waste no strength in fears;
We look trustful unto heaven,
  Hopeful to future years:
As God from old Chaldea
  Called Abram to his place—
Gave him Canaan in possession
  There to found the Hebrew race—
Now he brings a second Abraham,
  Born to bless these troubled days,
Who shall open to the people
  Better paths and peaceful ways.
If the Holy One shall guide him,
  And the work that higher will,
All the passion and the murmurs
  Of the nation shall be still.
When the haughty and self-seeking
  Can no certain help afford,
Yet blessed is that man
  Whose strength is in the Lord.
For his arm shall be sustained
  When the battle waxes dread,
And the helmet of salvation
  Shall rest upon his head.
God of mercy, King of glory,
  Let our chosen ruler be
Known through all the distant future
  As "the man who walked with Thee."

MELROSE, MASS.

National Hymn.

BY S. F. SMITH, D. D.

TUNE — "*America.*"

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

A Tale of 1861.

BY EDWARD SPRAGUE RAND, JR.

Come, children, leave your playing; a tale I have to tell,
A tale of woe and sorrow, which long ago befell.
'Twas in the great rebellion, in eighteen sixty-one;
Within the streets of Baltimore the bloody deed was done.

Of gallant Major Anderson I told you yester-night,
Of Moultrie's shattered battlements, and Sumter's bloodless fight;
And how the cannon's echo shook the North and East and West,
And woke a flame in loyal hearts which would not be repressed.

Oh, 'twas a goodly sight to see the uprising of the people;
To hear the clanging bells ring out from every tower and steeple;
To see our glorious flag flung wide all through the loyal land;
To know at last the North stood up a firm united band!

A call went forth through all the land: "On, on to Washington!"
On for the Union that we prize! for Right and Freedom, on!
'Twas sunset ere the call was known; but ere the break of day,
Our brave militia were in arms and ready for the fray.

They left the plough, forsook the loom, bade hasty, sad farewell
To all they loved, with looks which spoke far more than words could tell.
And loving wives and mothers wept, and blessed them on their way;
But 'mid the throng of anxious ones, not one would bid them stay.

As on through loyal towns they went, 'twas one prolonged ovation;
Of all a patriot people did, would weary the narration.
On, on for Washington they pressed; for there the patriot band
For the Union and for Liberty, for Right, must make their stand.

'Twas the nineteenth of April; O most auspicious day!
It ushered in at Lexington the bloody fatal fray —
Baptized our Revolution; and 'twas again to be
For Massachusetts men to bleed for Freedom and the free.

Through Baltimore their pathway led, and boldly on they passed;
But bitter taunts and angry words fell on them thick and fast:
'Twas the low rabble of the town by whom the deed was done,
But men of wealth and rank were there and urged and cheered them on.

Oh, who shall tell of all that chanced, or in that fearful fray
Tell what was done, or truly write the history of that day!
How not content with scoffs and taunts, the pavement up they tore,
And showered the stones upon our troops around, behind, before.

"Why did they let them?" Oh, alas! forgetful grows my [mind;
The others had passed safely on, a few were left behind;
For thus secession's chivalry its boldest deeds has done,
And often have they bravely fought, *a hundred against one.*

On, on, in close-set ranks they pressed, turned not to left or right:
They all were Massachusetts men; they never thought of flight.
But as the stones came thick and fast, the curses deep and loud,
In self-defence, at bay, they turned and fired upon the crowd.

Oh, many a taunting traitor fell beneath their deadly fire;
But thicker flew the showers of stones, and fiercer grew their ire.
Enough — they fought their passage through, and then kept marching on,
Obedient to their country's call, to rescue Washington.

Yet not unscathed: four noble ones fell in the bloody fray,
And many carry scarring wounds in memory of that day;
And high on honor's scroll are writ the names of those who fell,
First martyrs to maintain the rights, the land we love so well

Yes, Washington was saved, my boy: another time I'll tell
Of Freedom's armies, marshalled there, of all that there befell:
The blood then spilt at Baltimore roused all the loyal land,
And such an army sprung to birth no traitors could withstand.

I mind me when the honored dead in solemn pomp came home;
How our starry banner drooped half-mast on the high State House dome:
How minute guns spoke sharply out, and sad the bells were tolling,
And mournfully upon the breeze the funeral dirge was rolling.

Oh, there was that within the looks, within the eyes of men,
A stern determination, I never saw but then:
With hard-pressed lips and swimming eyes they watched the funeral train;
With bowed, uncovered heads they stood amid the falling rain.

In vision yet I seem to see the biers with flags entwined;
The memory of that solemn dirge will never flee my mind.
And Massachusetts lifts her head more proudly at this day,
That twice in Freedom's battles her sons have led the way.

O children, guard your heritage [illegible]
Be [illegible], and let her be proud of you!
Be ready in her cause to fight, and for her sake to fall!
But cherish in your heart of hearts the Union above all.

GLEN RIDGE, May 20, 1861.

The Massachusetts Line.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEW PRIEST."

AIR — "*Yankee Doodle.*"

I.

STILL first, as long and long ago,
Let Massachusetts muster;
Give her the post right next the foe;
Be sure that you may trust h[illegible]
She was the first to give her bloo[illegible]
For freedom and for honor;
She trod her soil to crimson mud:
God's blessing be upon her!

II.

She never faltered for the right,
Nor ever will hereafter;
Fling up her name with all your might,
Shake roof-tree and shake rafter.
But of old deeds she need not brag,
How she broke sword and fetter;
Fling out again the old striped flag!
She'll do yet more and better.

III.

In peace her sails fleck all the seas,
Her mills shake every river;
And where are scenes so fair as these
God and her true hands give her?

Her claim in war who seek to rob?
All others come in later —
Hers first it is to front the Mob,
The Tyrant, and the Traitor.

IV.

God bless, God bless the glorious State!
Let her have way to battle!
She'll go where batteries crash with fate,
Or where thick rifles rattle.
Give her the Right, and let her try,
And then, who can, may press her;
She'll go straight on, or she will die;
God bless her! and God bless her!

DUANESBURGH, May 7, 1861.

Ah! Who Can Tell?"

THE following touching lines were penned by one of the officers of the "Niagara," on the homeward voyage.

WE'RE nearing home — a few days more,
And upward from that sun-lined main,
Will slowly rise the blessed shore
That we've so yearned to see again.
But as we near
That coast so dear,
And feel joy's pulse our bosoms thrill,
The voice of fear
Is whispering near,
And asks — Are those we love there still?
Do *all* those eyes on earth still dwell,
To greet us home? Ah! who can tell?

Long months have passed in homeward flight,
Since news from those dear hearts beguiled;

And Time ere noon oft brings a blight
To joys on which at morn he smiled.
Thus as we near
That land so dear,
With joy's emotion in our eyes,
The voice of fear,
In accents drear,
Asks, Is it well with those we prize?
And though hope's glance responds —
All's well!
Fear whispers back, Ah! who can tell?

We're nearing home! The Eastern "Trade"
Still presses on our sails and spars,
Day's beams are still on ocean laid,
And night assembles yet her stars;
Oh! in our flight,
Beneath their light,
While in love's soul dear hope 's the theme —
While night 's asleep,
And watch we keep,
What happy scenes of home we dream!
Amidst their halo shall we dwell
Once more — once more? Ah! who can tell?

We're nearing home — *our native land!*
Those clustered States so blessed of Heaven!
Can *such* a gift from God's great hand
Be *lightly prized — be rashly riven?*
Dark rumor's tongue
Such dread notes rung
Before we left the Indian clime;
But faith still smiles,
And hope beguiles —
They sing to patriot hearts a chime!
While in the soul *such* anthems swell,
We'll cease to sigh: Ah! who can tell?

At Sea, Monday, April 8, 1861.

The Benediction.

Go ! 'tis thy Country's cause,
Who, to uphold her laws,
Beckons each son ;
Loyal in treason's spite,
Firm to maintain the right,
Thus must be fought the fight,
The vict'ry won.

Go ! and may God above,
Ruling the earth with love,
Be now thy stay —
Save thee from ev'ry sin,
Send thee His peace within,
E'en through the battle's din,
And the wild fray.

Stand where thy fathers stood,
Mingle with theirs thy blood,
Freedom's red wine ;
Calm be thy sleep and sweet,
When, for thy winding-sheet,
The flag to-day we greet,
Round thee shall twine.

Flag of our native land !
Untorn by treason's hand,
Thy stripes shall wave ;
Undimmed thy stars shall shine,
While Faith and Love combine,
And at thy holy shrine
Offer the brave.

Milton, April 21, 1861.

The Hour has Come.

The hour has come; the cloud which slowly gathered
O'er heaven's blue,
Has thundered loudly, and with lightning flashes
Is riven through.

E'en now it wraps its folds of darkness round us;
Along our shore
The trampling of the feet of many thousands
Sounds evermore.

Not vainly have our fathers lived and suffered;
The holy dead
Speak now among us, and their glorious mantles
On us are shed.

When the first cannon woke the sleeping echoes
On Charleston bay,
Men looked, and lo! the murky sky above them
Was streaked with gray.

And when the sculptured hand of him who saved us
In days gone by,
Held forth the flag, which in the roar of battle
Was lifted high,*

The cheer then raised by many hearts and voices,
Winds wafted far and wide,
And the valleys, and the mountains, and the forests
Of our free land replied;

* At the immense Union meeting in New York, April 20th, Major Anderson was present, and the flag which was over Fort Sumter during its bombardment, was placed in the hand of the statue of Washington.

And the wild waves which ever break in music
Along our shore,
Shook their white crests, and with the voice of thousands
Mixed their exultant roar.

Though there is sadness, and a voice of mourning,
When men must die,
And tears are shed like rain, and hearts are bleeding,
Where'er they lie,

Go forth! go forth! ye men of Massachusetts!
Go like true, noble men,
Though some may never see beloved faces,
Dear voices hear again.

Go in the strength of God, of Truth, of Justice;
Tread where your fathers trod;
And look above, where, o'er the darksome shadows,
Reigneth a loving God.

SALEM, MASS. April 23, 1861.

Through Baltimore.

THE VOICE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

'TWAS Friday morn; the train drew near
The city and the shore:
Far through the sunshine, soft and clear,
We saw the dear old flags appear,
And in our hearts arose a cheer
For Baltimore.

Across the broad Patapsco's wave,
Old Fort McHenry bore
The starry banner of the brave,

As when our fathers went to save,
Or in the trenches find a grave,
At Baltimore.

Before us, pillared in the sky,
We saw the statue soar
Of Washington, serene and high! —
Could traitors view that form, nor fly?
Could patriots see, nor gladly die
For Baltimore?

"Oh, city of our country's song,
By that swift aid we bore
When sorely pressed, receive the throng,
Who go to shield our flag from wrong,
And give us welcome, warm and strong,
In Baltimore!"

We had no arms; as friends we came,
As brothers evermore,
To rally round one sacred name,
The charter of our power and fame:
We never dreamed of guilt and shame
In Baltimore.

The coward mob upon us fell;
McHenry's flag they tore:
Surprised, borne backward by the swell —
Beat down with mad, inhuman yell —
Before us yawned a traitorous hell,
In Baltimore!

The streets our soldier-fathers trod
Blushed with their children's gore:
We saw the craven rulers nod,
And dip in blood the civic rod!
Shall such things be, O righteous God,
In Baltimore?

No, never! By that outrage black,
A solemn oath we swore,
To bring the Keystone's thousands back,
Strike down the dastards who attack,
And leave a red and fiery track
Through Baltimore!

Bow down, in haste, thy guilty head!
God's wrath is swift and sore;
The sky with gathering bolts is red:
Cleanse from thy skirts the slaughter shed,
Or make thyself an ashen bed —
O Baltimore!

Song for the Union.

BY CHARLES B. LINCOLN.

Let the Star-Spangled Banner float free in the breeze,
And spread its bright folds over islands and seas;
Borne onward by hearts that are steady and true,
Who would *die* — but not sever the white, red, and blue.

Expand thy broad pinions, proud bird of the West;
In majesty stoop from thy cloud-cover'd nest;
Grasp firm in thy talons our banner so rare,
That rebels shall never its glory impair.

Far over the time-honored hills of the North,
Away, gallant bird — on thy mission go forth
To the warm sunny *South* — neither linger nor stay;
And let *Washington's* name be thy watchword — away.

Away, gallant bird, over mountain and plain,
And gather each fold of our banner again;
And dastard is he who would threaten to tear
One gem from the Star-Spangled Banner we bear.

It has waved in the fight; it has stood the wild storm,
When the red tide of battle was sweeping along:
'Mid the roar of the cannon, the smoke, and the fire,
The Star-Spangled Banner rose higher and higher.

On the blood-sprinkled field, where our forefathers stood
And breathed their last gasp for their dear country's good;
'Mid the groans of the dying, while blood tinged the green,
The Star Spangled Banner triumphant was seen.

Hail, Spirit of Freedom! descend from above,
And breathe in our souls the pure essence of love —
Till discord and strife from our country be hurled,
And the Star-Spangled Banner float over the world.

'Twas thine, Massachusetts, to sever the chain,
And break from the fetters with lofty disdain;
Thy sons were the first in bright glory's career
The Star-Spangled Banner to hail with a cheer.

O God, we implore thee, thy mercy extend;
Our own belov'd country, protect and defend:
United, and happy, in peace may we reign,
And our flag proudly floating in triumph remain.

Roxbury, Mass.

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